

THE
HAPPY BRIDE;
A B. & R.
POEM.

In Three Canto's.

*Candida perpetua reside, Concordia Lecto,
Tamque pari semper sit Venus aequa iugo.*

MART.



L O N D O N:

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To Her GRACE the

Dutcheſs of *Bedford*.

M A D A M,

THE following Compoſition being altogether deſign'd for the Amuſement of the fair Sex, whoſe natural Inclination leads them to delight in Poetry, to whom can I better dedicate my Labour, than your Grace, whoſe Eminent Qualifications, both in *Mind* and *Perſon*, make you at once the *Delight* and *Admiration* of Mankind!

I muſt, in the humbleſt manner, acknowledge this to be a
Tri-

vi DEDICATION.

Tribute far unworthy of
Great a Patronage; yet it be-
ing consider'd 'twas wrote at
time when I was just remov'd
from a Scholastick Education
am perswaded that the sweet
Candour and Affability of Tem-
per inherent in your Grace,
will plead in my Behalf. But this
Apology I am too sensible will
have little Weight with those
ill-natur'd Part of the World
call'd *Criticks*; for as the rage-
ing Wind does sooner blast the
tenderest Plant, than the stout
Oak, which Time has made
almost proof against the cruel
Storm; so they will soon
snarl and carp at the Perfor-
mance of a young Poet, than
the most discerning Sage, who

DEDICATION. vii

can make an ample Resistance.
Nor do they feldom give
themselves leave to think, that
poetry at first is like the Wilds
of Nature, which must have
time and Care to be made re-
gular and ornamental. How-
ever, let them be of what Opi-
nion they please, if I may be
thought by impartial and un-
prejudic'd Judges to have dis-
cover'd a Genius capable of Im-
provement, and it shall meet
with your Grace's Approba-
tion, I have my utmost Ambi-
tion.

Before I come to a Conclu-
sion, it may be imagin'd by
some, especially by those who
have made use of Dedications
under another Name for Flattery,
that

viii DEDICATION

that your Grace's *Perfection*
which shine superiour to the
Gilt of Words, and Varnish
of Description, should be set
forth in a particular manner
But that (I am positive) would
not only be a palpable Affront
to the *Greatness of Soul* with
which your Grace is signaliz'd
from the rest of your Sex, but
(like an unskilful Painter, who
marrs the Charms of Nature)
an Injury to your *Person*, and
expose the attempting Vanity
of,

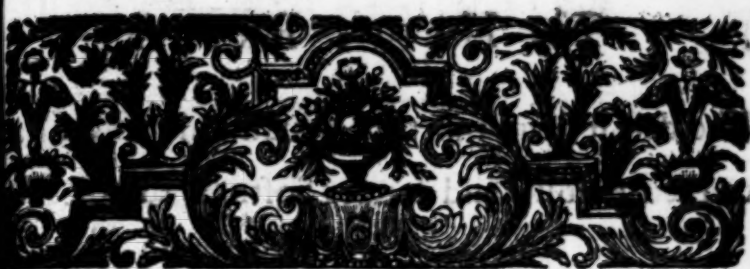
M A D A M,

Your Grace's most Humble,

Most Obedient,

And Entirely Devoted Servant,

A.



The Happy Bride.

CANTO I.

THE ARGUMENT.

Invocation of Venus and Phœbus: A Description of the Spring; about which Time Cassandra retir'd into a Vale to receive the cool Breezes of the Evening, where she laid herself down upon a Bank, and fell into a gentle Slumber: Celario's accidental coming to the Place; he admires its Situation, the Pleasantness of the Evening, and the setting of the Sun, &c. His first View of Cassandra asleep, and the mixture of Pleasure, and Uneasiness he receiv'd at the sight: Her waking, and flying away from her Retirement; with Celario's Disquiet, and falling into Excess of Passion.

ID me, O *Venus*! Beauty's pow'rful Queen,
Who reign'st o'er Earth and Air, o'er
Gods and Men;

B

Who

2 *The* HAPPY BRIDE.

Who driv'st from mortal Thoughts all vulgar Care
And settlest Bliss and tender Softness there :
Around whose Throne the wanton Graces play,
And add fresh Brightness to immortal Day.
Come, lovely Goddess! with your smiling Train
Which glitter'd round thee on th' *Idusian* Plain;
Come with that heav'nly Splendour in your Eyes
That Blush of Red which paints the Morning Skies
Mix'd with the Lilly's Whiteness in your Face,
That Shape and Mein, and that celestial Grace;
That balmy Breath of Summer's Ev'ning Air,
And all which made thee, to a wonder, Fair,
When thou was't crown'd with Love's resistless Smiles
And taught the World that Pow'r of Love t' obey
Immortal *Venus* come! and glad my Sight
With these Enchantments of supreme Delight;
Or to my Thought be your Idea join'd,
That softest Strains may warble from my Mind.

The HAPPY BRIDE.

3

And *Phæbus*, thou assist the gentle Song
With Lines, which flow from your melodious
Tongue;

Let sweetest Musick from my Numbers play,

And to each female Breast steal soft away.

O deign to aid a youthful Poet's Lays, 25

Who claims no fickle Fame, or sounding Praise;

But all his Wishes are to please the Fair,

To melt the Heart, and sooth the list'ning Ear.

Careless of other's Choice, or peevish Blame,

Instruct my Muse to tune her Song to them : 30

And Thou, the Fairest of the beauteous Train,

With Pleasure listen to my grateful Strain ;

Thy cheering Smiles, O charming give,

And let this Tribute with thy Vertues live.

THUS may I sing *Cassandra's* happy Tale, 35

How Sense at length did over Charms prevail ;

The HAPPY BRIDE

How Female Minds can glitt'ring Beaus despise,
 And fix on Merit their consenting Eyes :
 How glad *Celario* all his Thoughts employs
 On taintless Beauty, and the truest Joys ;
 After a tedious Time of Anguish past,
 How both sincerely love, and how they're blest at last

'T WAS in that Season when the Earth is gay,
 And ev'ry Sun shines forth a glorious Day ;
 When Nature smiles amidst a joyful Scene,
 And pleasing Fields are clad in lively Green ;
 When balmy Flow'rs their painted Leaves unfold,
 Or blush in Scarlet, or appear in Gold ;
 When silver Drops of soft descending Rain
 Refresh the Glade, and cheer the smiling Plain ;
 When all the senseless World, and all which move
 Enjoy the Sweets of Harmony and Love :

The HAPPY BRIDE

When was *Celario's* Breast first taught to know
Inward Pangs of soft tormenting Woe;
When did his Heart the Pains, the Pleasures prove,
4 Every various Turn of glowing Love, 56
Passions fir'd his Breast unfelt before,
All his Senses bow'd to Beauty's Pow'r.
DOWN in a Dale, where joyous Nature made,
In bowing Greens, a most delightful Shade; 60
4 The best Retreat to please a Virgin's Breast,
Often Cares, and lull the Soul to rest;
Old, fair *Cassandra* walk'd, where bending Trees
W'd all around the cooling Ev'ning Breeze.
Heard the tuneful Lark with pleasure sing, 65
n; 8 Tasted all the Sweets of smiling Spring,
a move With her Feet a crystal Riv'let play'd,
thro' the circling Grotto gently stray'd,

The op'ning Blooms a grateful Smell difclose,
 The fairest Lilly and the blushing Rose,
 The Jess'mine here, and there the Suckling grow
 Not far from hence a Bank of various Hue,
 Bedeck'd in Green, and with the Vi'lets Blue;
 With beck'ning Smiles invites the wand'ring Fair
 To Downy Rest, secure from anxious Care:
 Upon this pleasing Seat she gently laid,
 And on her snowy Hand she lean'd her Head.

The Stream with smoother Current purl'd along
 And all the Birds with sweeter Musick sung:
 At length her nodding Senses seem to dose,
 And peaceful Slumbers ev'ry Thought compose

LIKE *Venus*' self she shin'd serene and bright
 And scatter'd round the Shade a Flood of Light
 The lively Trees their trembling Limbs bow'd down
 And circl'd round her Head a leafy Crown.

The HAPPY BRIDE.

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se, the Riv'let seem'd to gaze, and wish'd to stay,
much it sigh'd, and mov'd so slow away;
growing glitt'ring *Phæbus* rear'd his golden Head,
and look'd with Envy from his purple Bed:
sight of her he shrunk into a Cloud,
and wrapt his Face within a fable Shroud;
e: shing to find his radiant Pow'r outdone,
and see on Earth a far more glorious Sun.
d.
along To this Retreat by chance *Celario* came,
g: Mind sedate, untouch'd by Beauty's Flame;
e, with Joy he gaz'd upon the crimson Sky,
mpose the setting Sun, and circling Clouds on high;
which glitter'd all around the distant Mead,
brigh golden Hue, mix'd with a lively Red.
Light list'ned to each Bird's delicious Note,
w'd and saw the crystal Riv'let gently float;

Observ'd

Observ'd the blooming Flow'rs, the shady Trees,
 And felt the Breathing of the cooling Breeze.
 These Nature's Beauties he alone admir'd,
 And with a gen'rous Sense of Heav'n was fir'd;
 That glorious Pow'r he prais'd, whose Hand bestow'd
 These wondrous Blessings for a World of Good.

At length he wander'd to the silent Shade,
 Where wrapp'd in Rest the lovely Virgin laid;
 Where under bending Trees the Nymph had cho-
 To breathe in balmy Air, and soft Repose:
 Her dazling Charms now flash'd upon his Sight,
 As swift as Thought, and fair as Heav'n-born Light.
 Stedfast he seem'd to gaze with deep Surprise,
 And sacred Homage sat within his Eyes:
 Fix'd to the Ground he stood, whilst trembling
 Shot thro' his Limbs, like Damps of wintry Air.

The HAPPY BRIDE.

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both pain'd and pleas'd at once he seem'd to be;
now gaz'd, then turn'd, as if he dar'd not see;
now back he started, then he forward stole, 120
such various Passions seiz'd upon his Soul.
at length he thought whate'er so bright cou'd shine,
must mean no ill, but surely be divine;
or can it be that any Pow'r is giv'n
ought that's ill, to shape itself like Heav'n? 125
thus he a while revolv'd within his Mind,
then thought again, and vary'd like the Wind:
upon her Form he rivett'd his Sight,
too soon enchanted with the dear Delight.
her fair clos'd Eyes he view'd, her Shape and Air,
which mix'd a Pleasure with a trembling Fear. 131
thousand Beauties revell'd in her Face,
and ev'ry Feature spoke a pleasing Grace.
her Lips were moisten'd with a balmy Dew,
and of the fairest Morn's Vermillion Hue: 135

C

The

The Lilly's Whiteness, and the Roses Red,
With beaut'ous Bloom, were in her Cheeks display
The flutt'ring Breezes did around her stray,
Snatch'd fragrant Kisses, and then sigh'd away:
He feasted on her Smiles, her gentle Mein,
And all that Heav'n of Love which might be seen
Nor did his modest Fancy with the Rest,
His Sight he charm'd, and thought himself too blest
But ah! unhappy Chance, whilst thus the Swain,
Twixt Hope and Fear, a Pleasure and a Pain,
Was seiz'd with deep Surprize, the lovely Maid,
Who all the time in downy Sleep was laid,
With panting Sighings trembled at her Breast,
As if some frightful Dream had broke her Rest:
A dewy Damp her changing Cheeks o'er-spread,
Sudden she started from the flow'ry Bed,
Unclos'd her Eyes, and rear'd her trembling Head

The HAPPY BRIDE.

II

When soon she saw the Swain *Celario* near,
Aloud she shriek'd, and spoke some dismal Fear:
Hah! art thou there, she said—thou Monster foul,
Bane to my Rest, and Torture to my Soul; 156
Thank Heav'n—I was forewarn'd within my
Dream,
Thou worst of Satyrs of thy lustful Flame."
This spoke, like Light'ning's Blast away she flies,
And darts Resentment from her angry Eyes. 160

So when the harmless Turtle seeks Repose,
And on some shady Tree begins to dose,
Frightful Men pass by her verdant Seat,
She quickly leaves her late secure Retreat:
With trembling Wings she cleaves the yielding
Air, 165
And adds more Swiftneſs to her Flight by Fear.

AMAZ'D and thoughtful sad *Celario* stood,
 Now chilling Coldness seiz'd his vital Blood !
 Now fiercer Fires into his Breast return,
 And flame like those when raging Fevers burn. 17
 Thrice he essay'd to ask th' affrighted Maid,
 Why did she fly, of whom was she afraid ?
 What horrid Story did she mean to tell ?
 And what her Tongue so trembled to reveal ?
 Much did he strive to speak, but strove in vain,
 Whilst she, coy Fair, fled o'er the distant Plain.

Now did resistless Love begin to sway,
 And teach his new-found Subject to obey :
 O'er all his Soul th' imperial Tyrant reigns,
 And spreads like Poison thro' his glowing Veins.
 First, he began to rave, and speak his Pain,
 Then wept and mourn'd, then wildly rav'd again.

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fat him down, his Hand sustain'd his Head,
threw himself upon the flow'ry Bed;
rose and walk'd, then curs'd the treach'rous
Day,

185

'twas eternal Night, then dy'd away:

Chilness darted thro' his Breast,

if he'd fled to his eternal Rest.

for a time he laid in Damps of Cold,

to his panting Bosom grasp'd the Mould. 190

length he rear'd him from the deadly Mass,

en star'd aghast, and wonder'd where he was;

w seem'd to think to wreck his wand'ring Mind,

en mix'd these trembling Words amidst the
Wind.

WHERE shall I fly, to whom shall I com-

" plain,

195

And tell this Anguish, this Excess of Pain?

" Shall

“ Shall I to Men th’ unhappy Tale make known

“ Ah!——some have too much Sorrow of their
own;

“ Others with Blifs may all their Thoughts employ

“ And can they hear of Grief, who think on Joy

“ To Heaven then, I’ll tell my secret Flame,

“ Yet oh! to Heav’n, it was from thence it came

“ Let me then tell it to that Hell below,

“ Where Wretches dwell, but they delight in Woe

“ Here, here I’ll sit me down, and sigh and moan

“ Whilst back unto myself my Complaints return;

“ I’ll tell it to the Streams, the Winds shall hear

“ They’ll give me Sigh for Sigh, and Tear for Tear

Thus feelingly he moan’d his tort’ring Pain,

It mov’d Compassion in the neighb’ring Plain;

There, dying Echo’s caught the mournful Tale

And sent it back unto the distant Vale.



The Happy Bride.

CANTO II.

THE ARGUMENT.

Ulysses grown weary of his Retirement, wanders about in pursuit of Cassandra; but finding in vain, and being tir'd, he lays himself down upon the Ground, and falls asleep. She appears to him in a Dream, and seems to tell him the Reason of her being affrighted, and flying from the Place where he first saw her: That she had heard of his Love, and would look with scorn upon all the trifling Beaus she formerly address'd to, and think on him alone. But at length the Excess of Joy, which this Phantom occasion'd, wakes him from his Rest. He grows more uneasy at finding it but a flattering Vision, and afterwards addresses himself to Cupid, who is mindful of his Complaint, tho' at the same time is heard by Venus, and favour'd with her assistance.

Ulysses grown weary of his sad Retreat,

He rose, and left the now unpleasing Seat ;

Thence

Thence swiftly flies with deep and restless Care
Hunts ev'ry Dale to seek the wand'ring Fair :
No Fair he finds to cure his Grief's Excess,
Now seeks for Patience as his best Redress.
Thus springs the wounded Stag from out the Wood
Imbrewing all the Hills with purple Blood,
To find Relief, and ease his deadly Smart,
While in his Breast remains the fatal Dart :
So sad *Celario* strives in vain to find,
Relentless Patience to relieve his Mind ;
For Patience proves as cruel as his Fair,
Flies from his Search, and leaves him to his Care
The troubled Sea wou'd sooner be at rest,
At his Command, than his more troubled Breast
When Heav'n permits the blustering Winds to blow
And causes all the Waves to ebb and flow.

IN frantick Mood, to ev'ry Hill and Grove
 hastes for Succour, and reveals his Love; 20
 The Hills and Groves give Pity to his Moan,
 And all things hear him, but the Fair alone.
 To ev'ry Nymph he tells his wretched Pain,
 And where she's fled, enquires of ev'ry Swain.
 Each joyful Swain his Anguish wou'd remove, 25
 And wish him be happy, and forget his Love:
 Each gentle Nymph with Envy treats the Fair,
 And bids him take some kinder to his Care.
 But this is Counsel which he must despise,
 The way to win, is wisely to advise. 30
 His fruitless Search he spent the ling'ring Day,
 And strove in vain to chase his Cares away.
 He seeks the Pilot on the pathless Main,
 Amidst stormy Winds, and black'ning Show'rs of Rain,

To find the Brightness of his guiding Star,
Which yet remains unfound in gloomy Air.

THE weary Sun had now repos'd his Head,
For golden Slumbers on his sable Bed;
The silver Orb of *Cynthia's* feeble Light
Rear'd her faint Beams, and spoke approachi

Night:

The Swain tir'd out with Grief, his Eye-lids clos'd,
Then laid him down, and with the Sun repos'd.
The cold and clayey Earth he gently press'd,
While shiv'ring Breezes fann'd his glowing Breast;
When straight the Nymph, his Thoughts perpetual

Theme,

With gentle Mein, with winning Softness came,
And stood before him in a pleasing Dream.

The HAPPY BRIDE.

19

LIKE Heaven's Queen she seem'd, divinely fair,
thousand Charms disclaiming artful Care,
ort in her Form, and revel in her Air : 50
he little wanton Loves, serene and gay,
mle in her Face, and in her Bosom play ;
ch various Sweets displays the radiant Eye
blushing Morning in a crystal Sky :
embling and glad, transported and amaz'd, 55
ith sudden Starts, the panting Lover gaz'd ;
r beaut'ous Form did all his Thoughts employ,
d ev'ry Sorrow melted into Joy.
seem'd to revel in a Maze of Charms,
d grasp the dear Delusion in his Arms; 60
hen with a gentle Voice the lovely Maid,
hile on her downy Breast he lean'd his Head,)
as deign'd to say, or thus he thought she said :

L I R

- “ Rise, rise, *Celario*, ever-faithful Swain,
“ For lo! I’ve heard, and pity all your Pain;
“ Wing’d by Surprise from my Retreat I flew,
“ As little thinking what I saw was you :
“ A dreadful Dream had ruffled all my Mind,
“ And made me frantick as the trembling Wind.
“ Methought I saw an horrid Satyr rise,
“ Who star’d me into shame with frightful Eyes:
“ Such Words he spoke, too horrible to tell,
“ Which he nor blush’d, nor faulter’d to reveal:
“ A deadly Dagger, dy’d in reeking Blood,
“ Unsheath’d, he brandish’d, as he threat’ning stood
“ Which seem’d alone to know the way to kill,
“ When stedfast Virtue disobey’d his Will :
● This oft he darted at my trembling Head,
“ Then cou’d, ah ! cou’d you blame me that I fled
“ No ; ’tis not for my Flight you blame me then,
“ But that I’ve wasted Smiles on senseless Men ;

have been regardless of Respect that's due
 to Truth and Wisdom, Gratitude and you;
 Made scoff of those who Sense and Virtue know,
 To please that witless glitt'ring thing a Beau: 85
 Those gaudy Forms our fickle Eyes may move,
 But Sense alone creates a lasting Love.
 Yet thus rebellious to th' imperial Boy,
 No Anguish I endur'd, and felt no Joy:
 Take me, O take me to his gentle Reign, 90
 We learnt to love by learning Lovers Pain:
 For now my Morn of Life is rose to Day,
 And ductile Years expand bright Wisdom's way.
 From all those Triflers I'll with Scorn remove,
 And fix my Heart where Merit bids me love: 95
 With thee my Joy began, with thee shall end,
 Thou best Companion, and thou dearest Friend."

HERE

HERE Height of Passion robb'd him of the Bliss
For Joy is Pain when lifted to Excess :
He started from the Earth, and rear'd his Head,
While with his Rest the airy Vision fled ;
Thro' all the gloomy Place he stretch'd his Sight
By *Cynthia* favour'd with a twinkling Light ;
His longing Looks survey'd the lonely Ground,
To find the Nymph ; but when no Nymph he found
Again to Slumber he'd resign his Eyes,
But wish'd-for Slumber as unkindly flies.
Yet still the dear Idea haunts his Mind,
And smiles upon him affable and kind :
Her charming Voice still thrills within his Ear,
And fix'd he stands, as in suspense to hear :
But soon these airy Phantoms ceas'd to please,
Fled all away, and with them fled his Ease.

The HAPPY BRIDE

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at now remains to sooth his languid Heart,

flatt'ring Dream but added to his Smart ; 115

tho' it cur'd not, but encreas'd his Pain,

wish'd (strange Force of Love!) to dream again.

o when the Warriour feels an aching Wound,

seeks no Cure, but still maintains his Ground ;

less of Danger, does at all things dare, 120

after Glory, and pursues the War.

THROUGHOUT the Gloom, the Swain with

Grief and Scorn

things, but his Fairest, rov'd till Morn :

that avail'd the Morn or Day to him ?

but the Nymph had share of his Esteem. 125

simpse of Joy cou'd sooth his pineing Care,

his Grief, or turn him from Dispair :

All Commerce with the World he wish'd to shun
 The Air he hated, and the splendid Sun;
 Retir'd to Shades again, and sigh'd alone:
 Or to some lonely Cave that's free from Light,
 Where Rest is wrapt within eternal Night;
 He sought to sooth his never-ceasing Pain,
 And left the Walks of ev'ry joyful Swain.
 Not even Harmony cou'd give him Rest,
 Whose Charms have Pow'r to sooth a savage Beast
 For gentle *Silvia* tun'd a pleasing Song,
 And Musick's Softness thrill'd upon her Tongue
 Yet he remain'd unmov'd in deep Distress,
 Whilst other Hearers melted into Bliss.

THUS long he pin'd, and wander'd here
 there,

To seek the Nymph, the Cause of all his Care

finding none, he beats his panting Breast,
 to the God of Love himself address'd :
 these suppliant Words his sullen Silence broke, 145
 and Echo's self seem'd list'ning as he spoke.

O THOU enchanting Babe! thou lovely Boy!
 Thou Son of gentle *Venus*, heav'nly Joy,
 Who by thy Pow'r, or never-failing Skill,
 mak'st Gods and Men obedient to thy Will; 150
 With lively Influence of thy bright'ning Ray,
 from vulgar Minds can drive dull Cares away;
 turn them to sensual Bliss, and make them great
 as mighty Monarchs 'midst a World of State;
 what in the noble Soul what Sense you move, 155
 of Virtue, Friendship, and eternal Love:
 Oh! lay aside thy pointed Arrows now,
 thy deadly Poison, and thy gilded Bow!

“ Come with thy Mother’s sweet endearing Smile

“ Her cordial Looks, but not her treach’rous Will

“ Come to me now with your auspicious Aid,

“ And kindly heal the cruel Wound you’ve made

THUS he the Trifler begg’d, but begg’d in vain

For *Cupid’s* chief Delight is Mortal’s Pain :

He smiles to see a pining Swain’s Despair,

A tortur’d Slave, and a relentless Fair.

Ah ! heedless Lover, to address that Power,

To think the Hand who gave thee Grief

cure :

And shou’d he make *Cassandra* feel his Dart,

That very Blow might heal a double Smart ;

Love shoots but one, to cause a Lover’s Pain,

For t’ other’s Wound might heal them both

BUT what if *Cupid's* Joy be Men's Distress,
 The Joy of *Venus* is their am'rous Bliss :
 He heard the Swain, her Breast with Pity mov'd,
 Or more he loves than ever Mortal lov'd. 176
 Ask'd, she list'ned to his humble Pray'r,
 And made his Suff'rings her peculiar Care.
 The gentle Goddess wav'd her sportive Head,
 Commanded silence, and each Pow'r obey'd ; 180
 Enchanting Musick melted on her Tongue,
 And thus she sweetly said, or thus she sung :
 Where is this little God, this treach'rous Boy ?
 Pain of the Earth, altho' of Heav'n the Joy :
 Tell me, ye Nymphs, where is my *Cupid* fled,
 What pleasing Mischief roves within his Head ?
 Go, seek the Trifler, wheresoe'er he be, 187
 Fly, swiftly fly, and bring him here to me."

With Duty wing'd, they flew like glancing Air,
Sought ev'ry Place with more than usual Care : 19
At length they found him aiming with his Dart,
His Bow just drawn, to strike a trembling Heart ;
Which soon they seiz'd, and to the Goddess brought
Th' affrighted Babe, as quick as human Thought ;
Sullen and sad he look'd, but bowing still,
He ask'd his Mamma her imperial Will.





The Happy Bride.

C A N T O III.

The ARGUMENT.

us reasons with Cupid concerning the Pains of mortal Minds, which he is the Author of, and commands him to inform Cassandra of Celario's love, and to ease his Care. Accordingly he descends unseen, and finds the Nymph smiling upon a Crowd of Fops and Beaus, until Celario (who was before acquainted where he might find her) comes to the same Place, and tells her his Passion. At first he meets with a Denial, which Cupid himself seems to be pleas'd with: But Venus reminding him by some secret Intimation of his Message, he performs it, and privately ascends. At length Cassandra begins to feel the Effects of Love, and permits Hymen to celebrate their Nuptials: which, with a short Relation of their mutual Happiness, concludes the Whole.

NOW Venus smiles her little God to see,

And gently lifts him to her tott'ring Knee;

Her

Her twining Arms about his Neck she throws,
'And balmy Kisses on his Lips bestows ;
Receives him with a Mother's dearest Joy,
'And speaks thus kindly to her fondling Boy :
" How can you, *Cupid*, thus delight in Woe,
" And give such Anguish to the World below
" Mistake me not, I do not blame thee, Dear,
" That thou'rt the Author of a Lover's Care :
" But then I'd have thee, after some Distress,
" To crown thy Conquest with a gen'rous Bliss
" Is it not Virtue to be just and kind,
" And give a Cordial to th' afflicted Mind ?
" Ev'n Men themselves, altho' they cannot heal
" The Lover's Pain, a soft Compassion feel :
" And shall it e'er be said, that Man's so good,
" When all is wanting in a pow'rful God ?
" Think better, Child, and ease this gentle S
" Go tell *Cassandra* of his careful Pain ;

Fly to the Fair, and teach her Heart of Steel
The pining Anguish which fond Lovers feel,
Instruct her well the soft'ning Tale of Love,
Which we ourselves have deign'd to learn above:
Haste, dearest Boy, and these Commands obey.
He spoke, he bow'd, and cut his airy Way.

EACH gay Attendant in his Station flies,
And joyful ranges o'er the limpid Skies;
Wanton Sparrows drawn, his gilded Car
Rovers by the Wind, and cleaves the yielding Air:
To Earth they pinion from the Realms of Light,
(As Gods are never seen by human Sight,)
And in a Cloud, and wrapt in sable Night.

THUS secret and unknown the Fair he found,
Where senseless glitt'ring Beaus stood all around,

Snatching

Snatching the Glances of her sparkling Eyes,
 Whilst one rejoices, t' other sighs and dies.
 Her Smiles she lavish'd 'midst this gaudy Crew,
 Till wing'd by Love, *Celario* hither flew;
 Where Fame had told him he might find his Fair,
 Or rather guided by his shining Star
 The heav'nly *Venus*, who with kind Relief
 Rewarded all his Care, and eas'd his Grief.
 Whelm'd in a Flood of Joy, he scarce cou'd find
 A Tongue to tell his ever-faithful Mind:
 Down to the Earth he lowly bow'd his Head,
 Then gaz'd upon her Form, and blush'd and said
 " Forgive me, Fair, who bear'st such pow'rful Sw
 " And learn'st the World, like Gods themself
 " t' obey.
 " If thus to Beauty's Shrine I trembling move,
 " Pay all my Vows, and dare to tell my Love;

The HAPPY BRIDE.

33

An Age of Pain for you alone I've born,
Then do not quit me with an Age of Scorn :

Let pitying Softness all your Bosom warm,
And love Compassion, as you love to charm. 55

As Heaven on thee its gracious Pow'r bestow'd,
Like Heaven be tender, and delight in Good :

No common Motive stirs my purest Flame,
Which sullies Love with self-tormenting Shame, }
But real Friendship, dearest, best esteem. 60 }

Others may win thee with more pleasing Air,
But none respect thee with a Faith so dear.

O smile upon my Hopes! indulgent Maid,
And ease the Anguish which your Eyes have
“ made.”

THUS spoke the Swain, with Stops and seeming
Stay, 65
He oft had wanted Words to say ;

F

But

But gentle *Venus* gave her gracious Aid,
And oft she whisper'd what he trembling said.

So when some skilful Poet tunes his Lays,
And sings of Heav'n, of Love, or Beauty's Praise,
Oft'times his Meaning falters on his Tongue,
And Words are wanting to express his Song;
When straight his Genius to his Aid is brought,
And Words attend on Words as quick as Thought
The beaut'ous Fair, who heard the Lover's Tale,
As kind as if his Speech did all prevail,
Smil'd at his tim'rous Suit, and thus rejoin'd,
Tho' oft she vary'd in her secret Mind.

- " Tis true, *Celario*, I have heard thy Name
" Thy Sense, and Virtues prais'd by sounding Fame
" Have heard you love, and pity your Distress;
" But what is Pity, when it wants Redress?

I own you justly may upbraid my Mind;
 And call it base, obdurate, and unkind:
 Others may make you happier far than I, 85
 'Tis easy to forget my Pow'r and try:
 Or can you teach my Heart how Love shall be?
 I'll grant your Suit, and give it all to thee.
 But now forgive me, if I can't remove
 From what I think my Joy, to live on Love, 90
 To leave the Pleasures of a Virgin State,
 Admir'd by one alone, is what I hate."

THIS said, again she smil'd, and all around
 The Beaus, with witless Laughter, shook the Ground;
 y'n Cupid's self, unseen, was pleas'd to hear 95
 These cruel Words, and see the Swain's Despair;
 but kinder *Venus*, by some secret Way,
 the trifling God reminded to obey:

When straight he levell'd his unwilling Dart,
It faintly flew, but touch'd the Virgin's Heart :
A Lover's Softness, which she blush'd to find,
Seiz'd on her stubborn Breast, and mov'd her Mind
The little Archer made no longer stay,
But, call'd by *Venus*, swiftly fled away.

Now gen'rous Passions in each Breast arise,
And seem to speak in both their conscious Eyes;
The Nymph began to hate the gaudy Train,
And think on none but her devoted Swain.
Some fair Excuse she made, and left the Place,
While sad Confusion sat on ev'ry Face :
The glitt'ring Beaus with little Pain retir'd,
For by their Eyes is ev'ry Nymph admir'd.
To some more simple She they'll now remove,
Swear idle Vows, and prattle senseless Love ;

The HAPPY BRIDE.

37

end to cruel Pain, and soft Distress, 115

win those Beauties who are won by Dress;

se chief Delight is diff'rent Means to try,

Min make those gaudy Foplings sigh and die:

ousand various Arts and Ways they have

mar those Charms which bounteous Nature

gave.

120

ife, 10
Eyes; oft unspotted Forms in Picture shine,

n, Canvass seems to live, the Work divine:

f to mend, some Hand unskilful tries,

ace, Work grows tainted, and the Picture dies.

r drown'd in Care, the nobler Swain with-

drew,

125

move, to his kinder Fair he quickly flew;

ove; passion, as he thought, did seem to speak

in her Breast, and pleaded for his sake.

Pret

Then

Then what Desires in Female Minds can be?
What Wishes can they have, which Love can't
Again he tells her of his true Respect,
And now she hears him with no mean Neglect
But all propitious to his suppliant Pray'r,
She stopt his Speech, and thus redress'd his Care

“ Too much you've suffer'd for *Cassandra*
“ And some Return my Reason bids me make
“ Or it wou'd be ungrateful and untrue,
“ And that wou'd pain me more, than Love
“ you :

“ For sure no other Fault so bad can be,
“ As base Ingratitude has seem'd to me.
“ Yet why did you not seek some private Time
“ For tho' no Fame can say your Love's a Crime
“ You shou'd have whisper'd in a Virgin's Ear
“ For Love's a Tale they ever blush to hear :

The HAPPY BRIDE

39

at still in Honour's sacred Ways pursue, 145
and all my future Thoughts shall smile on you."
Sweet Vermillion Blush her Cheeks o'er-spread,
He on his panting Breast she lean'd her Head.

AND now such Joy's Excess, such heav'nly Pow'r
Lover feels, as ne'er was felt before; 150

Endless Pleasure leapt in ev'ry Part,
Raptures revell'd at his panting Heart.

Greater Blessing cou'd his Wish desire,
Ev'n Ambition self to happier Thoughts aspire.

At length glad *Hymen*, ever just and kind, 155
Join'd both their Hands, with which their Hearts are
join'd.

Sacred Pow'rs of Love behold with Pride,
Happy Bridegroom, and a virtuous Bride.

All

ALL Nature smiles, and looks more bright and gay
To hail their Joys, and blest the glorious Day.

Their well-pair'd Minds the Marriage Plea
prove,

And taste the Sweets of Harmony and Love:

No loud domestick Jars their Ease molest,

But each in t' other's Temper truly blest,

Partakes the Balm of soft and pleasing Rest.

They live together with a dear Esteem,

He joys in her alone, and she in him.

If ever in her Mind she hid a Care,

To him unknown, she robb'd him of his Share

Whene'er he talk'd, she list'ned to his Tongue,

Sweet Songs of her he made, which she as sweet
sung.

And still as Time with stealing Swiftneſs flies,

Each finds in t' other's Soul new Beauties riſe.

The HAPPY BRIDE

41

With him her lasting Charms will ever stay,
And not with Youth, like other's, glide away: 175
Pleas'd that fair Virtue which to her is giv'n,
Forms in his Thoughts the truest Sense of Heav'n;
With her his Truth, his Friendship, and his Love,
Will e'er remain, and not with Time remove;
Such Tenderneſs and Faith their Thoughts em-
ploy, 180
That ev'ry Moment brings new Scenes of Joy.
No other State they chuſe, and think there's none
Truly happy, as they think their own.
They gaze on no one with reproachful Eyes,
The Great nor envy, nor the Mean deſpiſe; 185
All their Wiſhes in the bliſſful State
Are fix'd, and conſtant as eternal Fate.

G

THUS;

THUS, O ye Fair-Ones! may ye all receive,
With Men of Sense, the Joy this State can give!
May ye who study Virtue's golden Rules,
Avoid the Herd of noisy flutt'ring Fools,
Who prattle Stories of each harmless Fair,
Whom plighted Oaths and broken Vows enshare
They tell how Fair-Ones for the Fopling griev'd,
And boast of Favours which they ne'er receiv'd.
Their busy Scandal taints the brightest Day,
And blasts that Honour—which they can't betray
Nor do they think that Sense, with Virtue join'd
Can e'er be found within a Female Mind:
But still pursue the Bad, who please and vex
With all the Arts and Lewdness of the Sex.
From Face to Face their fickle Fancies rove,
Thro' Error's Way they call the Wilds of Love.

The Gifts of Nature they but ill employ,
and look on Marriage as the Grave of Joy. 205
Yet these are Thoughts ungen'rous and unjust,
and thus they think, because they dare not trust:
But still let Fools the Marriage-State despise,
'Tis Heav'n to them who can be truly wise.





The W I S H :
To a Young Lady, on the coming
in of the New-Year.



Be thou happy with the truest Joy !

Which Heav'n can send, or all y
Thoughts employ :

May'st thou ne'er breathe a Sigh, or know a Care

But Bliss succeed with each succeeding Year.

May Joys improve on Joys, as Day on Day,

And all your Moments pass with Down away :

Health and Plenty ev'ry Hour attend,

Life be sweeten'd with a faithful Friend.

Angels guard your Form, and heav'nly Grace

in your Actions, as it glads your Face; 10

And shine around, and Virtue wait your Nod,

Real Joy to be compleatly good.

When relentless Death shall claim his Right,

Call your Beauties to the Realms of Night;

When your fair Soul shall from Confinement fly, 15

Without knowing what's the Pain to die!

The soft Wings of Sleep may'st thou remove,

Add new Bliss'es to the Bless'd above.



The



The CAPTIVE

T WAS when refreshing silver Show'rs
 Descending, wake the rising Flow'rs
 When Nature does her Joys disclose,
 And gentle *Zephyr* sweetly blows :
 When smiling Spring makes equal Day,
 And curling Rills thro' Valleys play :
 When warbling Birds salute the Grove,
 And ev'ry Scene's a Heav'n of Love ;
Matilda in a pleasing Shade,
 Sat singing on a Vi'let Bed ;

ere Roses fann'd with ambient Air,

fragrant Kisses to the Fair :

Flocks came skipping from the Plains,

near the soft deluding Strains.

Streams stood still, the Trees did bend,

15

dropt their Pinions to attend.

Sylvan Fauns in num'rous Throng,

crowding to the charming Song :

all the high celestial Gods

st'ning in their bless'd Abodes.

20

ing Swans on flutt'ring Wing,

edges of *Meander* sing :

hen *Ulysses* steer'd along

war'ry Main, the *Syrens* sung.

is heard the Nymph he found,

25

avish'd by th' enchanting Sound,

Sense of Hearing quickly dies,

gives Succession to his Eyes :

Which

Which now were Pris'ners to a Face,
Which Beauty's Heaven seems to grace;
And blooming Blush did more adorn,
Than sweet Vermillion of the Morn:
Or the delightful golden Ray
Of *Phæbus*, scatt'ring round the Day:
When shady Twilight never shrouds,
Or wraps his Face in gloomy Clouds.
But as the View of Forms so bright,
By stedfast gazing blinds the Sight;
So now the Shepherd saw no more,
But by Idea to adore.
Next he receiv'd her balmy Breath,
A Sense which still o'er-triumph'd Death;
Which pleasant seem'd as *Phænix*' Nèst,
Or all the Treasures of the *East*:
More fragrant than the Breath which moves,
The whisp'ring Leaves in *Ida's* Groves,

The CAPTIVE.

49

and richer than the Sweets distill'd;
of ev'ry Flow'r in ev'ry Field.
Three Senses thus the Swain enjoy'd,
the which Excess of Bliss destroy'd;
the other two the Fair deny'd,
the Shepherd humbly bow'd, and dy'd.

30



H

To



*To a Young LADY,
looking in a Glass.*

IF ever Charms did *Laura* move,
Or Beauty ever show
A worthy Triumph of her Love,
It surely must be now.

Yet turn, O turn those radiant Eyes !
View not th' extatic Joy ;
Believe me, Fair-One, Beauty may
Its beauteous self destroy.

To a Young Lady, looking in a Glass. 51

once *Narcissus* fondly view'd
A Form of lesser Pow'r,
the clear Bosom of a Flood,
And languish'd to a Flow'r.

then upon his Form to gaze,
Did force himself to pine;
What must it be to view a Face
So lovely fair as thine?

15

as the Charms you justly boast,
May well encrease Desire,
Not a Wish or Thought be lost,
But still, O still admire!

20

52 To a Young LADY, looking in a Glass,

And if, as coy *Narcissus* pin'd,
Your Form a Change receives,
May I change too, to some soft Wind,
And breathe amidst the Leaves.





A S O N G,
occasion'd by seeing a Young Lady
in a Garden.

EE where the fair *Cassandra* lies,
Upon yon purple v'let Bed,

ere blushing *Roses* kiss her Eyes,
And bowing *Laurels* crown her Head.

at Odours now can ye disclose?
e fading Flow'rs, what beauteous Hue?
ere is the Fragrance of the Rose?
and where the V'let's purple Blue?

54 *A Song, occasion'd by seeing*

O Lilly, fairest Flow'r, and best,
Where is thy Virgin Whiteness now?
Canst thou encounter with her Breast,
That lovely Breast more white than Snow?
Her Cheek out-does the Rose's Red,
The Vilet's Blue, her lively Eye;
When she is near, ye all must fade,
And lowly bow your Heads and die,
For see above the radiant Sun,
That very Sun which makes ye fair,
Shrinks in a Cloud to be out-done,
And blushes at the sight of her,
But ah! the Time will swiftly glide,
And all her bright, her heav'nly Pow'r,

a Young LADY in a Garden. 55

languish like this Summer's Pride,
and that fair Face shall charm no more.

sweetest Breeze, and whisper this,
With Caution to *Cassandra's* Ear;
steal a soft, a balmy Kiss,
and gently tell her what I bear.

her that Love does court her Prime,
Love sincere, by Heav'n! I vow;
remind her of her Time,
and let her kindly bless me now.

F I N I S.



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